



VOL. 62, NO. 70 FRIDAY, FEB. 2, 1973 THREE CENTS

by joan mandell
and anna dowdall

Student offensive gains momentum

Students from Montreal universities came together at McGill yesterday to hold a teach-in on the current struggle of Quebec students against the government's new fee ruling.

This ruling states that students must pay all past debts to the university including second term tuition by February 15 or they will be permanently expelled.

A student from UQAM discussed the issues that led up to last night's demonstration. He expressed the necessity for solidarity among students from all universities who, if not now, will later face similar economic blackmail presently facing students at UQAM and U de M.

The speakers detailed how many students at their respective universities would be put out for

inability to pay fees by February 15. At UQAM, 3,000 out of an 11,000 student population and at U de M 1,000 students will be eligible for expulsion by the university because of the ruling.

With the opening of CEGEPs and the Université du Québec in the 1960s, the student population of Quebec greatly increased. However, due to today's economic crisis and the resulting rising unemployment, the government is attempting to cut back on the already too great number of university graduates.

The students most affected by this ruling are those from the working class who must rely on part-time jobs and government loans and bursaries to pay their tuition. Although 3000 students at UQAM receive government aid, only 300 of these do not have to repay the state.

The students have denounced "economic measures that become selective measures". They want up to three years after graduation in which to pay their fees so that no one will be denied an education through lack of money.

They pointed out that the 1.5 million dollars owed by them to the university is nothing compared to the 55 million dollars the administration sees fit to spend on building a new UQAM campus.

The students want abolition of the ruling but the administration says that it will only negotiate "individual arrangements". The rectors have publicly admitted that their position is rigid.

The UQAM administration continues to insist that the university is open despite the fact that picketing has shut down the university since the strike began. Students went on strike last week when they realized that the situation had reached an impasse.

The professors' union declared its solidarity and recommended that professors not cross the picket lines. Because of their own problems with the university, they have joined the strike.

At U de M the administration backed down due to widespread student protest and have extended the fee deadline to next September. However, students are still opposed to this inadequate half measure and plan to intensify the struggle along with UQAM in the weeks to come. They emphasized the need to fight the ruling now rather than to wait until summer when the government could railroad the ruling through with very little opposition.

The speakers called for solidarity from McGill students who are also influenced by the state's pedagogical offensive. A Strike Committee, which includes McGill students, was formed at the meeting, and all those interested are encouraged to join.

by joel ruimy

Morale still high at sit-in

As of eleven o'clock last night, the occupation of the eighth floor lounge of the Leacock Building by the Alliance for Child Care was still on. Morale was very high despite two ominous ultimatums which were presented to the occupants by the Administration. Sam Kingdon, Chairman of the Space Allocations Committee, entered the lounge at 5:30 yesterday to present a letter to the parents and volunteers. The letter contained the following information:

- the fact that children were present constituted a fire hazard, and for that reason, they were to evacuate the building by 7 pm,
- as the building was closed to the general public by eleven, all those who were not staff were to vacate the building by that time.

After a brief meeting, the

occupiers decided to send the children home by the seven o'clock deadline, but to remain past eleven o'clock themselves.

There was a steady flow of newcomers to the occupied lounge, and by 11, there were about forty people on the premises. The occupiers are determined not to leave the lounge unless they were forcibly removed by the authorities.

No action had been taken by the administration as of 11 last night despite Kingdon's warnings, and it was feared that any action would occur in the early morning, when most occupiers were either asleep or at home.

In the past three days, over 3,000 signatures of support have been collected from students and faculty, and special petitions have

been circulated to secretarial and custodial staff.

The occupiers are demanding that:

- the university provide facilities and money in order to have Day-Care facilities for the McGill community, students, faculty, other university employees as well as members of the surrounding community.
- the university agree to foot part of the bill, with parents paying on a sliding-scale basis.
- facilities be immediately provided to accommodate about fifty children.

The parents also appealed to the McGill community to support their struggle by signing their petitions, contributing money, baby foods, etc., and volunteering their time.



daily photo by harold rosenberg

STRIKING STUDENTS from the UQAM march in protest against the government's fee policy.

DIDJA HEAR
THE ONE
ABOUT THE
TRAVELLING
COMMISSAR
AND THE
PEASANT'S
DAUGHTER....?



A WEEKEND RETREAT

... and many other great features.



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classifieds

chicken up

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the kibbutz

4770 Kent Ave., Room 300 — 735-1159 739-3869

by michael johnson

Law vs Justice

Québécois lawyer Bernard Mergler last night led about twenty-five students in a discussion of "Law vs. Justice". The discussion, sponsored by Liberation School, centered around a number of propositions presented by Mergler. Taken together the propositions "are of the nature of a philosophy of law".

As his first proposition Mergler stated that "Law cannot be equated to justice. Laws can even create injustice". Justice was loosely defined as what is considered right and wrong, while Law is simply an instrument. Conceiving of Justice as an end and Law as a means, Mergler felt that "these means can often become an obstacle to the end of Justice." As an illustration he noted that "politicians often say we must have 'law and order', but they rarely say we must have Justice."

Mergler next proposed that "laws, generally speaking, cannot exist without force or the threat of force." One participant suggested that this might not necessarily be true if all members of a given society were willing to abide by existing laws. But if this were the case there would be no need for laws. Mergler believes that "the general body of laws usually

has as its purpose the maintenance of the status quo. If those laws run counter to the status quo then the law often is not upheld, even by the judges."

Mergler's primary concern is over what happens to the law during times of crisis and extensive social change. We must remain conscious of civil rights during times of substantial change because these rights are so easily undermined. According to Mergler we are now "moving quickly towards a fascist set-up". He defines fascism as basically "the denial of human rights and civil liberty".

As an example of the presence of fascism Mergler mentioned the War Measures Act and commented that "I don't believe that the people who passed the War Measures Act really believed that there was a danger of subversion". He also noted the neglect of human rights involved in the James Bay Project where "the economic needs of the majority are superseding the human rights of a minority."

The historical development of law is also of major concern to Mergler. He observed that "the criminals of yesterday become the heroes of today and begin

changing the laws." For this reason we need to approach the laws as flexible rules, fixed according to particular conditions, and subject to appropriate change. "Our whole society has evolved by the breaking of laws in order to make progress in the legal system. But we are taught simply that it is wrong to break the law."

Another proposition brought forward for consideration stated that "law is a reflection of the objective social conditions of society. However, it does not reflect the situation of today, but the situation of yesterday. In other words, 'law has trouble keeping up with social change.' Mergler suggested that we must remain conscious of the condition and development of law and be willing to express our disapprovals.

In closing Mergler suggested that "judges and jurists are not affected by the law. They form judgements mainly from gut reactions." He didn't criticize this situation, but rather stated that "I am a great believer in Natural Justice. And I am a great believer in the philosophy of right and wrong. I don't consult the technical ruling of the law but refer to my personal feeling first."



BERNARD MERGLER

daily photo by Jean-michel Joffe

today

Center for Developing Studies (CDAS):

Workshop 11-12:15 pm; 3437 Peel St.; 2nd floor lounge; refreshments will be served. Subject: Caribbean Literature and Development. Speaker: Professor John Stewart, Dept. of Anthropology, University of Illinois, Urbana.

CDAS and Anthropology Dept.:

Lecture: Ethnicity and Ethnic Group Relations in Trinidad. Speaker: Prof. John Stewart of U. of Illinois, Dept. of Anthro., 10 am. Council Rm. of Leacock.

Community McGill:

A 13 yr. old in Montreal North East needs a black, male volunteer for a big brother relationship, possibility some tutoring too. More information: 392-8980, Union 414, 11-2 pm.

Jazz:

Billy Robinson at Vehicle Art, 61 St. Catherine W., Friday and Saturday from 8-10 pm. Student adm.: \$1.50.

Graduate Photos:

Students graduating this year are asked to phone 844-7745 for an appointment as soon as possible.

SCM Yellow Door Coffeehouse:

Music this week-end: Friday and

Saturday—Jane Voss; Sunday night—hool, 8-12 pm. Folk Mass—Sunday, 11:30 am. Lunch—seven days a week from 12-2 pm. 3625 Aylmer, 392-4947.

Faculty of Music:

Lunchtime concert: Recorder—Lecture/concert with Jean-Pierre Pinson; Leslie Samuels, harpsichord; Mario Giroux, guitar. Works by Vivaldi, Bigaglia, etc. Rm. C310, Strathcona Music Bldg. (555 Sherbrooke West, corner of University) 1 pm. Free.

Montreal Jazz Workshop:

Music this week-end—Peter Leitch Trio: Friday and Saturday night and Sunday afternoon. 4353 Coloniale (just South of Mount Royal). Information, call 288-8600.

A.C.E. Engineering Tutorials:

Free tutorials for E-1 and E-2 engineers from 12-2 pm, Room 117 McConnell Engineering; 2-3 pm, Room 120 McConnell Engineering.

Pre-Medical Society:

Presents Dr. R.G. Margolese on "Cigarettes and Lung Cancer—Fact or Fiction" at 1 pm in Francis Seminar Room, McIntyre Bldg. (please enter through Medical Library on 3rd floor).

Italian Student Society:

Meeting for all members to discuss upcoming events at 1 pm in Rm. 327.

Camera Club:

All members wishing to retain and use their darkroom lockers must sign the list outside the darkroom before Feb. 8 or your locker will be considered vacant.

Black Student Union:

Important General Meeting to discuss committee work. Union 307 6:00 pm.

Sandwich Theatre:

"Funeral Games" by Joe Orton. LAST DAY. 1 pm. Admission free.

SATURDAY

Management Undergraduate Society:

"Super pub-Nite held in Union Ballroom at 8 pm. Beer 3 for \$1.00, Admission is \$.50.

India Students' Association

Films on India. Admission free. 2:30 pm McConnell Engineering Building 204

Malaysian—Singapore Students' Association

Chinese New Year Dinner and Dance at 7 pm in Bishop Mountain Hall. Chinese cuisine served buffet style, cocktails included.

Caribbean Society:

Ping Pong tournament at 2 pm in the Currie Gym—judo room at 2 pm. if you wish to play and haven't been contacted call Don at 843-5649.

Curling Club:

No mixed curling today. Play resumes next week.

Savoy Society:

Rehearsal times as given on Tuesday, in the Ballroom. Chorus—Act 1—Music without books. Forgot your rehearsal? Call Rosie: 843-8964 or John: 844-0409 or see Union notice board.

SUNDAY

McGill Outing Club:

Ski trip to La Reserve is leaving Roddick Gates at 7 am sharp. Tow ticket, lessons, bus and tolls—\$7.50, members, \$8.50 non-members. Tickets at the Union Box Office.

what's what

VIETNAM: TET CELEBRATION

There will be a celebration with the following program: a) A conference on the political-military situation in Vietnam after the ceasefire. (b) solidarity messages. (c) social function with revolutionary songs etc. The program, which is sponsored by the Quebecois-Vietnam Ad Hoc Committee, is Saturday, February 3 at 7:30 pm in St. Louis de France Church at 750 Roy St. East (near Berri St.) Contact: 843-6061 or 845-2032.

CHINESE NEW YEAR

Do you know that the year of the water buffalo ploughs in on February 3rd?

The ancient Chinese lunar calendar is divided into cycles of twelve years. Each year of the cycle is under the influence of an animal. It is believed that anyone born this year would acquire desirable traits such as being diligent, tireless, patient, etc.

Chinese New Year is a major festival in Singapore and Malaysia. To mark the occasion, the Malaysia-Singapore Students' Association will host a grand buffet dinner, Chinese style.

On Feb. 3, see you at Bishop

Mountain Hall, which is in the centre of the Co-ed Residences. Cocktails are served at 7 pm.

TRUDEAU VISIT CANCELLED

The Executive of the Young Alumni announces with regret the cancellation of their special event scheduled for February 7th. Due to circumstances beyond their control the visit of the Honourable Pierre Elliott Trudeau has been postponed indefinitely. The next Young Alumni event will be held as scheduled on Tuesday, February 13th.

THE ARGUMENT FROM INTIMIDATION

This is the argument used by those who wish to substitute psychological pressure for logical argument. For a definition of it, examples of it and how to deal with it, see the left part of the glass case on the right in the main lobby of the Redpath Library.

SKYDIVING ANYONE?

McGill Skydiving will be holding a first jump course beginning Tuesday, February 6 at 7 pm. in the Union building, room B-47. The course is open to all, with a first jump scheduled for Saturday, the 10th.



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Editorial

Let them eat baby food

The twenty-four hour a day vigil has reached its fourth day. Three years of constant struggle on the part of many parents, has climaxed in this protest to bring daycare to the university. McGill, self-proclaimed vanguard in the quest for daycare, has boasted about its non-existent program widely.

The need for really adequate daycare in our society is pressing. In most households, it is the woman who remains saddled with the responsibility of tending to her children while her husband goes out to earn the bread. She is not paid for her labour in the home, the woman remains economically dependent on her spouse. She is unable to develop fully as a person. A child develops and perceives the world around him, according to those human models he sees. What type of model is a woman denied of basic human rights, chained to a hearth?

What of the working class woman, who by economic necessity is forced to work outside the home to supplement her husband's income, while at the same time, being a part-time housekeeper? The capitalist system which pays her lower wages than a man for equal work, that depreciated her value in the home, provides her with no place to leave her children while at work.

What of the student who is unable to continue her education because of a small child? Should the university

penalize her for wanting to obtain an education? Should it not provide a satisfactory place where she and her mate can leave their offspring for a few hours a day while they both participate equally in society?

A properly run daycare center is a valuable place for children. Replacing a worn-out mother whose day is occupied with the family's washing, cooking, ironing and cleaning, who is often too involved to take proper care of her children; by a room full of playmates, kind adults and broader experiences is certainly beneficial to the children and their mothers alike.

Day care in the place of work, study and community is not a privilege, but a right. The McGill administration is as blind to this fact as are the elite they serve.

What is the McGill Administration's position? After overwhelming pressure brought to bear by students, parents, faculty and other employees as well as by the Montreal community at large, the administration has finally conceded that day care should be provided. They make this admission with many strings attached.

First, they would like to restrict the center to as few families as possible: the 18 that originally requested the service. This day care for so few is to be provided at great cost by a group of senior faculty in collusion with the administration. It demands that the McGill Baby Care Co-op, a grass-roots organization of parents be disbanded

so that day care can be under the thumb of the administration rather than be guided by the people themselves for their own benefit.

The occupation of the council room on the eighth floor of the Leacock Building has created quite a stir throughout the city, spurred on by the favorable coverage of the bourgeois and the student press which have latched onto the issue with glee. After all, everyone loves children... does McGill?

The university's attempt to stifle the issue by demanding that the occupation halt, has not worked, much to their public humiliation. Their attempts to buy off the Alliance for Childcare Committee have equally failed. If they had thought that bribery could work, they have misunderstood the real root of the issue and of people to fight for their rights.

The demands of these people must be met: that McGill immediately provide day care for 50 children with the intent to increase the number as the need arises. This service must be made available to all employees, students and the community according to their ability to pay.

Help support this struggle at McGill which is being waged simultaneously with other struggles in the community. Day care is a right, not a privilege!

Joan Mandell

Press Release

The following press release was issued by the Alliance for Child Care at McGill:

Thurs., February 1, the third day of the day care occupation being carried out by the Alliance for Child Care at McGill. The day care centre at the 8th floor lounge of the Leacock Building began receiving children this morning under harassment by McGill authorities. Attempts are being made to turn away parents with children entering the Leacock Building. We have been informed that various municipal inspectors have been called in by McGill and are expected momentarily. All inspectors will be welcome to our facility. However it is clear that McGill intends to try to discredit the day care fight by asserting that the parents do not really care about the welfare of their children! McGill authorities through veiled threats of "municipal action" are attempting to intimidate volunteers and parents so that the day care centre will be abandoned. Preparations have been made for the calm and safe evacuation of children in the event of arrest or forcible removal.

The events preceding today's harassment culminated in a meeting last Wednesday. Three rep-

resentatives from the Alliance for Child Care met with Mr. Kingdon, chairman of the Space Allocation Committee, and Mr. Frojmovic from the McGill Community Centre (MCFC), concerning negotiation for day care. The university's proposal was presented in a written form reiterating the verbal proposal made the night before. It was a capitulation to the demands made by the MBCC just before the outset of the occupation. The administration offered the ACC the same room at 3495 Peel which the MBCC was locked out of last Friday. It is very important to note, however, that the university was willing to provide baby care for only the 18 families of the McGill Baby Co-op, on condition that: 1 — The McGill Baby Co-op dissolve itself as an organization by merging with the compliant McGill Community Family Centre. 2—That the ACC drop all of its demands for day care for all students and employees at McGill. As the university spokesman put it: "Day care will be provided for select families on a first come first served basis."

The ACC proceeded to state their inability to accept the proposal... Since the Occupation the overwhelming support by mem-

bers of the McGill Community made clear to the ACC the urgent day care needs of the people, not a select privileged few.

Therefore the ACC demanded that as a sign of good faith the university immediately provide day care services for fifty children. But this is only the beginning of a full day care including a most important principle of growth on demand.

Mr. Kingdon asked that the day care centre stop operating immediately: that the occupation be terminated: all advertisements and communications with the press cease. In other words, to fold up shop and go home.

If McGill's proposal was not accepted and the children were not removed from Leacock, the occupation would be turned over to the municipal authorities. This threat was made in writing. We must presume that McGill is preparing to arrest or forcibly remove the volunteers who are currently in occupation.

McGill's cynical presumption that the ACC could be bought off purely on grounds of self-interest was rejected at a meeting of parents held late Wednesday afternoon. Parents are naturally fearful of arrest and reprisals, but

nonetheless are prepared to continue the struggle for adequate day care for those who need it within the McGill Community.

The ACC is unwilling to disband itself as an organization by merging with a small group of Faculty,

UQAM Students March

About 350 students from the Université du Québec and the Université de Montréal demonstrated yesterday against the new fee policies of their administrations, which have sparked a general strike at the U du Q this past week.

The demonstrators left Phillips Square shortly after 6 pm and marched east on St. Catherine, chanting "Dorais doit s'expliquer" and "Etudiants, travailleurs—solidarité!" and carrying placards denouncing the government and the universities.

Many bystanders made gestures of solidarity as the students marched along St. Catherine, Bleury, and Dorchester to the Hydro-Québec building, Premier Bourassa's headquarters during his sojourns in Montreal. Shouting

the MCFC. The narrow and elitist policies of the MCFC are opposed in principle to the position of the ACC calling for adequate day care for all who need it.

Day care will continue unless it is forcibly interrupted.

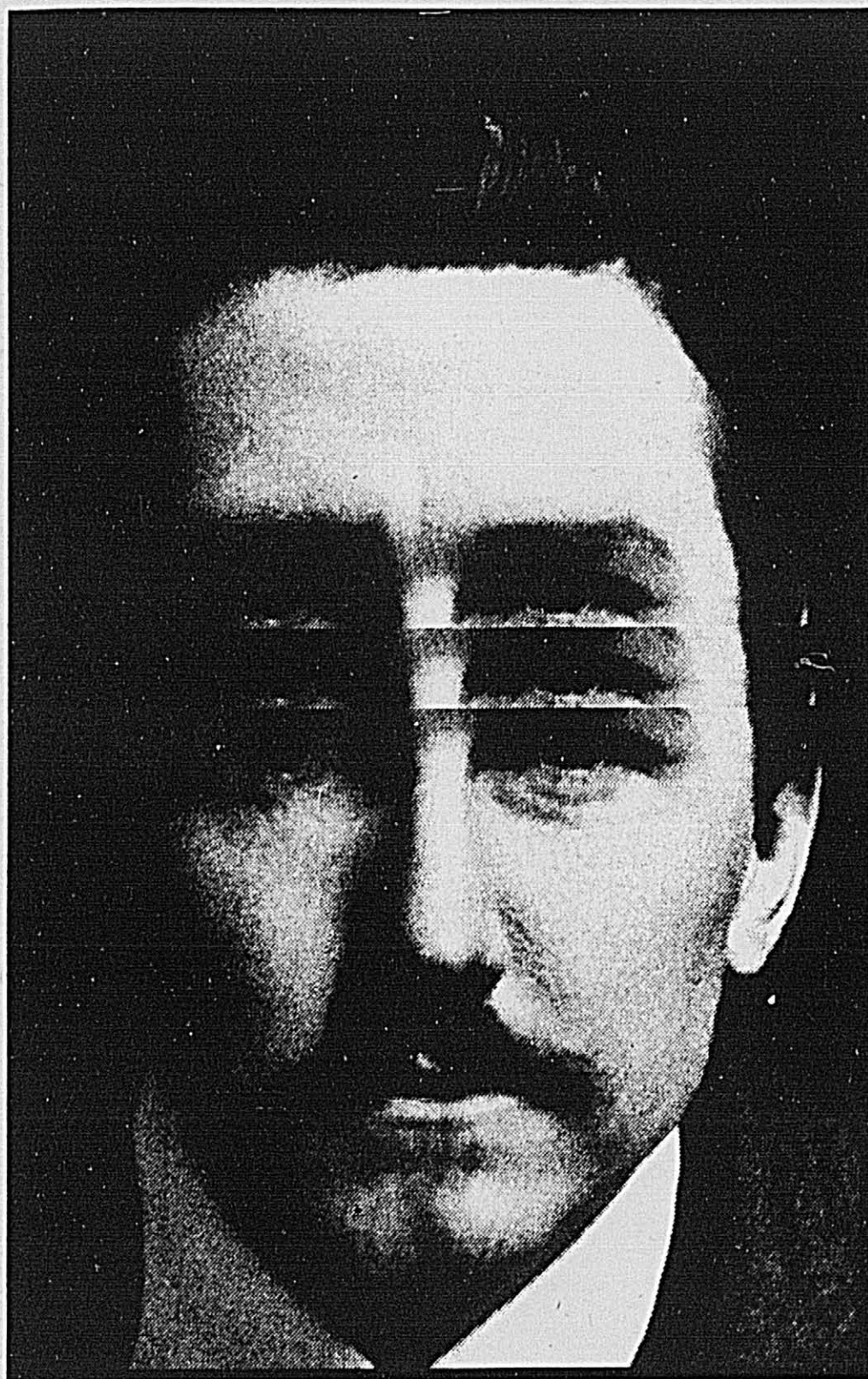
"A bas Bou-Bou!" they gathered for a few minutes in front of a line of stolid riot-squad cops guarding the building and its numerous windows. However, there were no incidents between demonstrators and police.

After passing the Hydro building the students returned to St. Catherine along St. Laurent, and marched a mile east to the Pavillon Lafontaine of the U du Q.

Several times along the route they ran for several minutes and chanted "Flics, flics, flics!" at the accompanying motorcycle police to ward off the bitter cold.

Arriving at the U du Q by 7:30, the students gathered for a short rally, during which organizers of the demonstration and the strike answered questions about the latest developments in the continuing struggle.

The Review



Ezra Pound:

"There is no doubt which I preferred between Mussolini and Roosevelt. In my radio broadcasts I spoke in favour of the economic construction of Fascism. Mussolini was a very human, imperfect character who lost his head.

"Winston believes in the maximum injustice enforced with the maximum of brutality.

"Stalin is the best brains in politics today. But that doesn't mean that I have become a Bolshevik.

"Like many martyrs, Hitler held extreme views."

Ezra Pound: the man he was

bruce campbell

"Whom God would destroy He first sends to the bughouse."

Between December 1941 and July 1943, Ezra Pound, the expatriate American poet, made 125 broadcasts on the Italian radio network praising the Fascist government of Italy (with adulation for Benito Mussolini and "that hysterical imitator of him, Hitler.") and urging the Allies to give up their participation in the "Jewish-inspired" Second World War.

"Every hour that you go on with this war is an hour lost to you and your children. And every sane act you commit is committed in homage to Mussolini and Hitler... You are not going to win this war."

In the years before the war, Pound had gradually become a strong adherent of Social Credit economics, and an even stronger proselyte of Mussolini, dating all his letters and work in the Fascist style — from the takeover of Italy by the Blackshirts. Although he is considered by many to be one of this century's great poets, his writings from the pre-war era are concerned almost wholly with economics; and the work does not show him to be a particularly adept economic thinker.

In fact, Pound's work had degenerated to the point of meaningless broadsides against monetary systems, and anti-semitic remarks. It was then that the Italian government offered him a radio program, the radio program that was to cause his ultimate downfall.

"Europe calling... Ezra Pound speaking... are you the arsenal of democracy or judeocracy?"

In May 1945, Pound was captured by American forces in Italy and, after confinement in a prison camp in Pisa, was returned to the U.S., under indictment for treason. During his imprisonment in Pisa, he was held for three weeks in a small wire cage on an aircraft runway, until he collapsed, and was moved to a small tent where he remained until his removal to the U.S. It was there that he wrote the famous Pisan Cantos.

"And there was a smell of mint under the tent flaps especially after the rain."

At his hearing, four psychiatrists testified that he was insane and could not withstand the rigors of a treason trial, or understand the gravity of the charge against him. *"It is my opinion that he has always been a sensitive, eccentric cynical person, and*

these characteristics have been accentuated in the last few years to such an extent that he is afflicted with a paranoid state of psychotic proportions which renders him unfit for trial." Dr. Marion King.

Apparently, the strain of the last few years in Italy, his imprisonment, and his trial had been too much for Pound. He was committed to a mental institution where he remained for 12 years.

Ultimately he was released because though he was permanently insane, and unable to stand trial for treason, he was not considered dangerous to himself or others.

Pound was probably little more than an eccentric before his arrest. His ideas —

basically anti-democratic and tending toward the Fascist — were mostly just crackpot theories on economics. His anti-semitism and love for Mussolini were detestable, but many prominent Americans held very similar beliefs in the pre-war years — most notably, those anti-democratic publishers: *Time's* Henry Luce and *The Readers' Digest's* DeWitt Wallace. In the end, it appears that the U.S. government chose the easy solution and, attempting to avoid the embarrassment of conducting a treason trial of a world-respected poet, quietly put him away. Pound may have been a man who, as Samuel Johnson said, had but one idea in his life and that was a wrong one. ■

EZRA POUND
1885-1972

I believed in the perfection of forms,
in geometries caught from a poured light.
Luminous intricacies: lotus, polyp, lily,
trees, sky and men's souls:
these sort were my models.

Silence in the sockets, gales in the sinews,
I enjoyed my wrestle with the muscular world—
with the strong work, and strong men.

The infinite ledges of the heart I climbed
painfully, gladly.

I listened, prayerfully, for articulate speech:
for the voice out of wave, wing-flap, girl or rhyme.
The blunt and the flat seemed to me enemies of all things.

Certain that no one had suffered wrong at my hands,
in my last years my wrong broke upon me
like a flood of hideous music: it
stopped my speech so that I must hear,
note by note,

the articulate ugliness
a too ruthless Beauty had engendered.

And I died: in a state of deep remorse, dread,
and gratitude to the earth—like all men.

... My final prayer I penned
30 yrs ago at Pisan, in a jail-cell; it suffices:
"Where I lie let the thyme rise

and basilicum
let the herbs rise in April abundant."

Stanton Hager

The Despicable Poet

randy woods

There are those who would tell you that Peter Paul Van Camp is a genius.

There are those who, as they watch Van Camp, and listen to his poetry, enter what this reporter overheard one spectator describe as, "a higher state, a semi-rhapsody." Well now. Anyone who is capable of producing a "semi-rhapsodic" effect in a listener must surely be a genius, or something. There are even those who claim that Van Camp is a "god".

Peter Paul Van Camp is not a "god". He is not even a "genius". He is, in fact, barely "interesting", once one sees through his perverse gamesmanship. Van Camp is a collegiate charlatan, a fact which is made the worse by the knowledge that he is not even a collegian, nor was he ever. He is

an outsider, living God-knows-how, preying on the sympathies of simplehearted students wherever he goes, drawing their pity, their admiration, and sometimes, their worship, before moving on to another unsuspecting campus.

Van Camp is a thief of hearts, and a good one. Every gesture, every inflection of that quavering voice is a baited trap, set to snare the compassion of every member of the audience, and twist those finer emotions into baser responses with which he can more easily deal—lust, agony, and despair.

His poetry, wherein he portrays himself as harmless and enraptured, a bewildered innocent buffeted on all sides by the misunderstanding Mother Nature he loves, is not only morbid, but also shameless, brazened lying. Van Camp no more loves Nature than

you or I do.

As to the verse itself, while Van Camp aspires to the romantic styles of several minor poets, he relies heavily, sometimes exclusively, on rhyme, to the detriment of meaning in his works, leaving the palate of the true literary connoisseur with a flat, banal taste. The poems are unusually childish, but it is this very childishness which inspires such devotion in Van Camp's unfortunate followers. The worst of his poems, the flashy "YE FLOCK O' SPARROWS" was probably the best received of the reading, even though the poem and its presentation explored new lows in oral verse, unchallenged by any save perhaps Van Camp's own "TO A ROSE, HELPLESSLY".

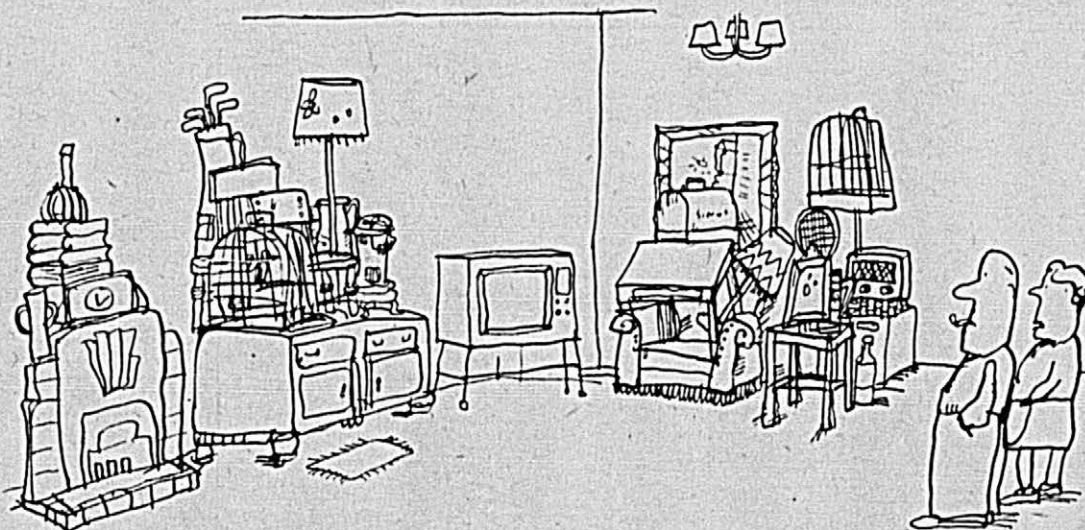
What does Van Camp leave when, satiated by applause, he makes his mockery of a bow and departs the stage? He

leaves an audience defrauded of its rational senses, tricked, cajoled, and swindled by a cunning hound in poet's guise into believing his miserable lies, and perhaps into following him in the seedy lifestyle he callously exhorts.

Thank God Peter Paul Van Camp is giving another reading at McGill. It affords us one final opportunity to beat him at his own game. The reading is in the Sandwich Theatre, McGill Union, Monday, February 5 at 1:00 PM. Go there (it's free), listen to his insidious drivel, pretend to be taking it all in, then, at the end, just as he makes his insulting obeisance, surround him, attack him, do what you will with him. Let's see that he gets what he deserves.

And don't worry about Van Camp reading this and being tipped off, either, because he isn't the type who reads. That's the kind of poet he is. ■

THE ARTSY-FARTSY of Television



"There's not much on the television tonight."

michael springate

I had thought of calling this piece 'The Politics of Television'. But I wasn't sure if that was really much different from, say, 'The Sociology of Television', or 'The Anthropology of Modern Electronic Visual Communication' or perhaps even 'The Philosophical Import of the Dynamics of Dialectic Montage'. So I decided on the present title, it may not be as profound, and certainly not as academic, but it has a touch of pragmatic honesty.

As everybody is supposed to know, changes in technique have great effect on the organization of the society.

This is where television enters the scene (enters down stage left X to center), for there is a school of thought that believes we have undervalued the most important element in human history, that of the technique of Communication. Speech, writing, print and now the electronic media are the real cornerposts of human development and are, in fact, primary to changes in such fields as the technique of production or political philosophy. Thus McLuhan states "The invention of typography... (provided)... the first assembly-line and the first mass-production" or "Print... created the uniform, centralizing forces of modern nationalism".

(A note about McLuhan, give the guy a break, like Anne Murray he has greatly suffered from all those Canadian nationalists at Maclean's Magazine. He had a maple leaf tattooed on his chest and his writings doused in maple syrup. His best book is the Gutenberg Galaxy, 1962, all the later books are primers for that earlier more comprehensive work. McLuhan is not the first writer to develop an historical importance of techniques of communication, there are countless others during all ages, rather he has popularized a present view of a paradigm shift from print to electronic media. Harold Innis, another Canadian, wrote convincingly of the historical import of techniques of communication in *Empire and Communications*, 1950.)

This outlook on history is opposed to Marxism, the dialectic of materialism and the modes of production are, at least hypothetically, secondary to the organization of perception caused by the modes of communication. However, like Marxism, the outlook is deterministic and, of course, deterministic solely within its own notation system. It seems that anybody with an original approach feels it to be the Prime Mover, not just one set of relationships, but the determining set upon which every other set

of ordered relationships must build. This somewhat immodest thinking is found in the biological sciences, the physical sciences, religion, economics, politics, literary criticism, many others and, not to be left out, Communications. (While your credibility might suffer at least you generate a lot of attention.)

Outlooks of history do not only guide us in our understanding of the past, but are carefully designed to predict the future. Even non-deterministic philosophies of freewill based only on enlightened reason feel it necessary to dictate some of the 'ideals' to which the society will naturally evolve; Kant's absolute freedom leads to a reasonable God and reasonable Christian Virtues, likewise Ayn Rand's 'objective' look at human freedom necessarily finds Capitalism as the only true form of society. It is in these predictions of the future that the philosophy or outlook of history takes form, and more importantly, decides what role it's going to play in your life. All those Ayn Rand freaks, because of their 'objectivity' are going to view daily events in light of their capitalistic ideal, the Marxist in light of class warfare, the Jesus-freak in light of that ever approaching Day of Judgement. When you accept the paradigm you begin to make it work, for it becomes the basis of your perception and action.

The prophets of electronic media are no different, and this is precisely where they leave off being a harmless intellectual exercise. We are to understand that we are presently undergoing a paradigm shift from print media to the electronic media of simultaneous and non-linear information. This development is as important as any previous revolution affecting man. If you study science, you are to understand that the fundamental change from Classical physics to the physics of Relativity and Quantum Mechanics is small in comparison to the shift in perception, thinking, and organization caused by such a large change in the techniques of communication. It is, we are to understand, inherent in the nature of the television screen, it's not what's on the screen that counts, but that you watch it. The social changes, and political consequences, are inevitable.

This line of thinking, if unchallenged, is going to breed a whole generation of people functionally misinformed about media. The unplanned effects of television are very great indeed, but the very precisely planned utilization of these effects is also great. To understand media you must begin with the synthesis of both. Unless you want to deny the existence of television

management, consultants, producers, directors, writers, interviewers, researchers and set designers, you might as well accept the fact that people are quite consciously choosing what you should see and hear, in what format, by whom, and to create what feeling. This is a factor that every prophet of the electronic age seems to politely ignore, the image is not simultaneous because somewhere along the line a whole slew of people are choosing which image they want you to see.

The question of access may be more determinant than those uncontrollable effects of the larger than life television image. Beer and cars have, through money, immediate access to the image, not only once, but many times. Your little man, perhaps fighting a particularly dangerous working condition, most certainly does not.

Closer to home, at the beginning of 1972 the President of cable T.V. cancelled a show 'Empathy' ten days before its scheduled premiere because, it seems, it would have been too politically hot. The first three guests lined up and confirmed were a member of the National Indian Brotherhood, Boyce Richardson to discuss the St. James Bay Project and Eric Kierans to discuss the economy. Cable T.V. is controlled by Starlaw Inc. which is in turn controlled by the McConnell Foundation, same people who have controlling interest in the *Montreal Star*. Coincidentally, the President of Cable T.V. is the son of a former Editor-in-Chief of the *Montreal Star*.

Simply, you can't create the effect unless you have continued access, and once on, the finesse to use it. Advertisers can buy both, so can wealthy politicians. If McLuhan wants to point out that advertisements and political speeches are alike, who disagrees? and for that matter, who cares? Because it's not an observation which probes the tender point.

Writers on the electronic media are beginning to believe their own myth. Telepolitics, the supposedly definitive work "that could well serve as a handbook for those who wish to take and keep power in America today" was given wide coverage when it was published and the *Montreal Star*, true to its civic duty, carried excerpts. One quote from Telepolitics is "The Vietnam war is the first American foreign war to be fought on American soil." That's pretty cute because no bombs fell on Washington, Florida was not defoliated, the Seattle port was not decimated, the American women and children were not cluster bombed or napalmed. Surely such

a statement is believing the whole myth of participation. Yet this seer of the media goes on to state "Today there is no place to stand, only to understand".

Well if that's the case, why wasn't Stokely Carmichael allowed into Canada to make his television appearance? And why wasn't 'The Selling of the Pentagon' shown on U.S. public television as had been planned? And for that matter, why was Smother's Brothers given the axe? It seems that public viewing ratings, after all, may not be the sole guiding principle.

I'm not denying that images work, I'm only asserting that there are vested interests controlling those same images.

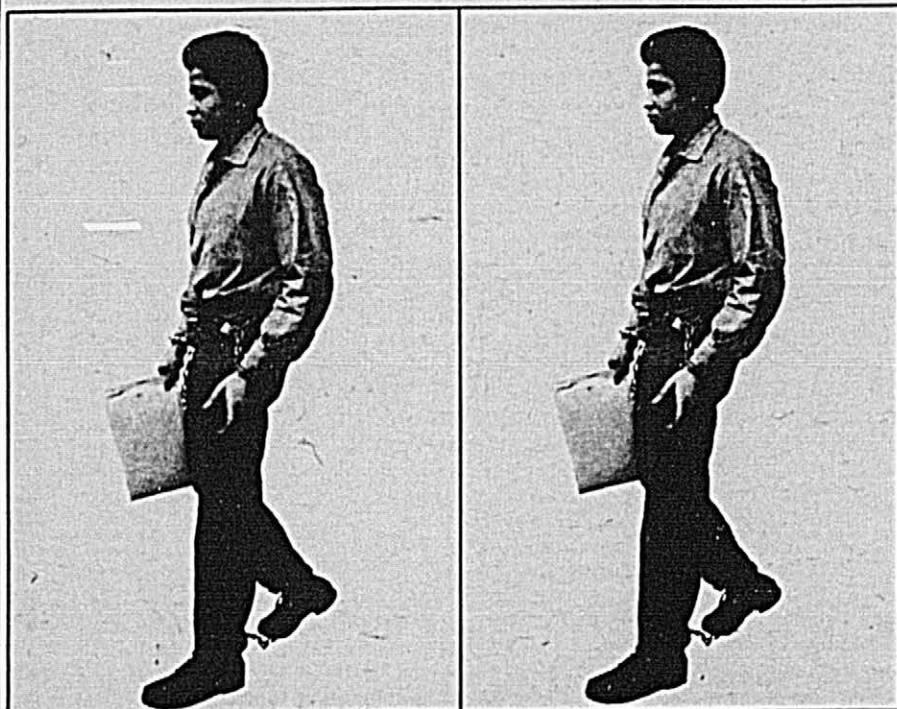
I'm also saying that the pundits of mass media are confused in their own terminology, ie, most of the verbiage wasted on form and content. Form is important, notice how public affairs shows are carefully arranged to promote their own importance yet de-fuse any controversial information, the excitement with the pulsating music and quick images is only used at the beginning and end of each program. The format of the middle, that part which carries any information, is most often decidedly boring. But television does communicate and more than just style, ask the average elementary school kid who saw all the space shots, or can name every hockey player in the league, or who is a fanatic about nature programs. They have learned more than mere form.

It's not enough for the social critic to say television is powerful, it creates images, it has its own reality, it distorts our perceptions, it is instantaneous. Because power implies control and control has many factors, not all of them evident on the screen, and images become reality only when you lose awareness of the limitations of the screen, if you don't swallow your own myth it won't happen, certainly our perceptions are distorted but no more so than by print, we can survive, and regarding instantaneity, it can not be any more so than the causal chain.

Genuine understanding of the electronic man (sic) is greatest when comparing your personal reality to the public image of reality on television.

One looks not only at the mode of organization that the television presents, but also at the organization behind the screens. Not to do so is like standing at one end of a tunnel believing that all the outgoing cars must have been made inside as we didn't see them enter. It's easy then to talk of the mysterious powers of the tunnel, it's easy because our eyes are closed. ■

BOOKS



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GEORGE JACKSON

THE LAST WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF
SOLEDAD BROTHER

BLOOD IN MY EYE



BLO IN MY

The Life and Times

I am an extremist, a communist, and I must be destroyed or I will join my comrades in the only communist party in this country, the Black Panther Party.

I will give them my all, every dirty fighting trick in the annals of war. Nothing will defeat our revenge and nothing will countervail our march to victory. We come to our conclusion: the only historical recourse left to us. Freedom means warmth and protection against harsh exposure to the elements. It means food, not garbage. It means truth, harmony, and the social relations that spring from these. It means the best medical care whenever it's needed. It means employment that is reasonable, that coincided with the individual necessities and feelings. We will have this freedom even at the cost of total war.

George Jackson
Blood in my Eye

nigel gibson

George Jackson was only eighteen when he was sentenced to an indeterminate prison term — one year to life, for stealing \$70 from a gas station. He was to spend the remaining eleven years of his life behind bars, including eight and a half years in solitary confinement. In his twenty-eighth year, he was charged with the murder of a Soledad Prison guard.

On August 21, 1971, two days before the scheduled opening of his trial, a trial that would in the end clear his name, George Jackson was shot and killed by prison guards, "while attempting to escape", from the maximum security cell block at San Quentin.

The other convicts in the cell block filed

an affidavit shortly after his death, asserting that he sacrificed his own life to save them from an official massacre.

His close friend and comrade Gregory Armstrong writes in the preface to *Blood in my Eye*, that George's final sacrifice "would only have been in keeping with the character of his entire life." George Jackson had come a long way since the day he entered prison for the first time, a frightened eighteen year old "who felt like dying."

At that time, he was just another typical young product of the squalid inner city jungles of America, with an average string of petty offences to his name, and nothing but more of the same as a future.

Once behind bars George whiled the

BLOOD IN MY EYE

of George Jackson

weary hours away by reading avidly. The turning point in his life came when, as he later wrote in *Soledad Brother*, "I met Marx, Lenin, Trotsky, Engels and Mao, and they redeemed me." He began organizing study sessions with other inmates, designed to further their political education, with a declared aim of "transforming the black criminal mentality into a black revolutionary mentality."

His political views and organizing abilities soon singled him out for special treatment by prison authorities. When permanent denials of parole, solitary confinement, bad food and constant beatings failed to deter George, he was set up again and again for a kill. The word went out to the white convicts on the cell block: "Get Jackson, it will do you some good." Time and time again George, his body honed to a fine fighting edge by long hours of lonely exercising in his cramped cell, managed to battle his way out, weary in the knowledge that they would soon be back to try again.

"I know that they will not be satisfied until they've pushed me out of this existence altogether," he once wrote a friend. "I've been the victim of so many racist attacks that I could never relax again... I can still smile sometimes, but by the time this thing is over I may not be a nice person."

Only at night was George able to let down his guard. Propped up on the bunk in his little cell in the depths of the sleeping prison George worked late into the night. Dragging slowly on one cigarette after the other he ploughed methodically through heaps of economics and history texts, pausing now and then to make a careful note or annotate a comment of his own. More often than not dawn would find him still up, pounding steadily away on his small, battered, plastic

typewriter. Pouring out his thoughts and feelings in letter after letter to his family and his friends, finally slumping exhausted into uneasy slumber, for a few short hours, before beginning another long, dreary prison day.

These letters form the bulk of his legacy, even as he wrote them, George always made it very clear that he intended them to survive him, to serve as sign posts in the political development of other outcasts of "Amerikan" society, who might follow him in time.

"My credo," he once wrote, "is to seize the pig by the tusks and ride him till his neck breaks. If fortuitous outcome of circumstance allows him to prevail over me — again — then I want to have this carefully worked-up comment prepared. I want something to remain, to torment his ass, to haunt him, to make him know in no uncertain terms that he did incur this nigger's sore disfavour."

His letters range over the most varied of subjects, sharing only a fierce commitment to revolutionary change, a quality of construction and a style illuminated by anger.

There are the letters to his parents, stranded by historical circumstance in a denigrating no-man's land. Forced to adopt the values of the white society around them at the expense of their culture and their dignity. These are the most uneven. There is more than a usual note of despair in them, as he grapples with the problems of trying to understand their position, and at the same time justify his own.

There are the letters to Angela Davis, whom he calls his tender experience, his first among equals. Exchanges on political questions of the day, and aspects of the defense give way, more often than not to

intense admiration, and expressions of a love that only a man deprived of all affection, and denied his very humanity, is capable of.

Perhaps the most moving of all the letters are the ones exchanged with his younger brother and alter ego, Jonathan. His letters to Jonathan are heavy with concern, and full of advice and inside tips on how to survive as a young and poor black youth in a violent and racist society.

Sometimes, when the pain of confinement momentarily dulled George's will to continue, only his exultant pride in the advanced political development of his "terrible man-child of a brother" kept him going.

When George's parents came to visit him, and brought Jonathan with them, the two brothers would go into a huddle in one corner of the visiting room, hurriedly exchanging information and ideas. At sixteen Jonathan was already well versed in the nature and the lore of revolution.

The development of methods and tactics with which to wage a successful urban guerrilla struggle in North America were, even at such an early age, his main concerns.

When George gently criticized his brother's excessive preoccupation with the military aspects of the struggle, and his somewhat reckless adventurism, Jonathan would quote Fanon in reply: "It's time for the talking to end, and the acting to begin."

On August 7, 1970 Jonathan Jackson entered a courtroom in San Rafael, California, pulled a gun, and attempted to free three black convicts. He armed the convicts and took five hostages, including the assistant district attorney and the judge, still dressed in his robes. He died a few minutes later in a hail of bullets inside a rented van that was being used for the getaway.

Locked in his 5' by 8' cell, alone with his sorrow, George would say of his brother: "He was free for a while. I guess that's more than most of us can expect."

Later he would add: "I haven't shed one tear, I'm too proud for that, a beautiful, beautiful man-child with a sub-machine gun. He knew how to be with people. I loved Jonathan, but his death only sharpens my fighting spirit."

George's first book *Soledad Brother* was completed shortly after his brother's death, his second and last one, *Blood in my Eye*, was completed only days before his own death in the hands of San Quentin guards.

If in *Soledad Brother* George described his struggle against all odds to secure a political education, and a working knowledge of the complex forces that shape society, then *Blood in my Eye* serves to further document his continuing political development, and to give some idea, both of the distance travelled, and the magnitude of the obstacles still to be overcome in the long march towards a socialist revolution in the world's most highly industrialized state.

George is very clear on the nature of the task ahead. "Revolution within a modern industrial capitalist society," he writes, "can only mean the overthrow of all existing property relations and the destruction of all institutions that directly or indirectly support existing property relations. It must include the total suppression of all classes and individuals who stand to gain from it."

He is also very emphatic on the need for a tightly disciplined party to organize and lead the people in their struggle.

George has strong words for those black

leaders who would turn the struggle to destroy the monopoly capitalist system into a supra-class black-white racist struggle, and attempt to deny that "there isn't but one fight going on across this planet, the one between the imperialist forces of capitalism and its victims."

Unfortunately George is on less firm ground when he enters into discussion of the strategy and tactics to be followed in the conduct of the revolutionary struggle.

Here Jonathan's influence is very strong and large portions of the book are taken up with the advantages and disadvantages of different tactics and weapons in an urban guerrilla situation.

This over emphasis on the purely military aspects of a political struggle can only be understood when one also understands that George in postulating these tactics makes a number of assumptions.

Principal among these is his contention that the United States is in the grips of the most highly advanced form of fascism ever developed.

Another assumption is that building a revolutionary consciousness amongst the people involves provoking state repression by urban guerrilla action and feeding off this repression.

Finally George assumes that a highly developed urban guerrilla force, is virtually invulnerable, and here he quotes liberally from the "spectacular success of the Tupamaros".

In making these assumptions however George would appear to be treading on rather shaky ground.

Firstly, although there are strong fascist elements in the United States, and these would appear to be getting stronger, terming the actual government a fascist government in the strict sense of the word, would be misleading, and in a certain way, defeatist.

Secondly, the idea that terrorist actions and the resulting state repression can serve to develop the revolutionary consciousness of the masses, is to believe in something that has been refuted again and again in practice through years and years of revolutionary struggle.

Finally, having just recently returned from a short holiday in Uruguay I can personally attest to the extreme vulnerability of urban guerrilla movements. At the present time, after little over a year and a half of a full fledged military campaign directed at the Tupamaros, the movement is a shambles, with most of its leaders either dead or in jail, and unable to mount even the most insignificant military action.

By manipulating the media, and its security forces, the government has been largely successful in disrupting legitimate political organizations of the left — all in the name of fighting subversion.

In any case it makes little sense to linger on criticisms of the strategy and tactics of revolution. These can only be seen to develop in the course of struggle.

What is important is the spirit of George Jackson. The spirit no jail could ever break.

What is important is the example he set in the face of the most adverse conditions, his discipline, selflessness, and final sacrifice.

His message to his revolutionary brothers is clear: "People are already dying who could be saved, generations more will die or live poor butchered half-lives if you fail to act. Discover humanity and your love in revolution. Pass on the torch. Join us, give up your own life for the people." ■

FILM



Pushing Porno

t.h.e. shadow

Brace yourself, the Second Coming has come. Saturday night, this latest money-making scheme will hit the screen, not with a bang, but a whimper. We screened the films Tuesday night. There were seven films in all (we saw six), one bordering on sensitivity, one purely gross, one funny, one simply pathetic, and the rest, just there—something indeed for everyone.

One views an "erotic" film as a voyeur, feeling no involvement with the characters, or lack of characters. There is such an obvious separation between the audience and the film—no emotional interest in the action on the screen. The films we saw lacked plot or dialogue, and were in effect crystallized moments of instant sex. Empathy with the characters is non-existent both on the levels of sympathy and passion.

Two films are perhaps worthy of some attention. The first was about three minutes in length and was a funny glimpse at the

sex life of two tennis shoes. The music was catchy and viewing the lighter side of sexuality was a pleasant, if short, interlude.

The other film was a feature length documentary on the making of a stag film. Ignoring the fact that it drags, the film leaves one with a clear vision of the seamy and degrading nature of this type of production. Actresses have no idea of who they will portray but in effect it makes no difference. Tar and feathers, whipped cream, or ships are the order of the day. Lack of personality, self-respect, and clothing are the only prerequisites for the job. The stag film as such, requires no creativity nor does it even give the satisfaction of a job well done. Indeed the film evoked a sadness for the people involved not only in the production itself, but also for the audience they are catering to. After watching these films, particularly the stag documentary, *Give Them What They Want*, one realizes why an erotic film festival is neither erotic nor festive.

The Bourgeoisie Are Dining Out

will aiken

I see him standing alone on a Himalayan peak, reeling among the clouds. I see him with lightning in both hands, dancing at the edge of the precipice. Far below I see the crowd growling, roaring, cursing...

—Henry Miller, reviewing Luis Bunuel's *L'Age d'Or* for "The New Review" in 1931

It's a long way from *L'Age d'Or* (1930) to *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* (1972), but Luis Bunuel has weathered the journey well, his hallmark obsessions all intact, but nevertheless slightly and subtly altered.

Bunuel is still alone on the mountaintop, but he has put down the lightning bolts (momentarily) in order to have a good hearty laugh at the crowd muttering angrily below. *The Discreet Charm* is his poison-pen valentine to his old and enduring enemy, the ever-complacent, always self-possessed, determinedly unflappable bourgeoisie. After half a century of tossing brickbats and bombs their way, Bunuel can well afford to dash off a quick note of appreciation, a "Thank you for remaining imperturbably smallminded selves."

In *The Exterminating Angel* (1962), Bunuel invited the bourgeoisie to dinner and then wouldn't let them leave. In *The Discreet Charm* he invites them to dinner again and again but won't allow them to eat. Somehow this new variation on an old theme is much more satisfying, if only because a succession of hilariously varied disasters is a hell of a lot more fun to watch than a single, seemingly endless one.

The guests this time around are more fun to watch too, headed up by the ambassador to France from Miranda, a mythical Latin American republic with the dubious distinction of holding the world's record for the number of homicides per capita. He is closely followed by a young and attractive married couple often given to irrepressible attacks of *l'amour fou*; a slightly older married couple, the wife occasionally dallying with the Mirandan ambassador, the husband somehow impervious to the dalliances; and the wife's younger sister, a wispy, taciturn blonde who opens her mouth only to ask for a very dry martini or to throw up immediately after consuming same.

These six happy travellers trundle down the road of life, from ruined dinner to ruined dinner: at one they are invaded by manoeuvring troops, at another a curtain goes up and they find themselves on stage ("I don't know my lines," mumbles one of the men in embarrassment), at another they are arrested and hauled away one by one, at yet another they are machine-gunned to death.

Ah, but the bourgeoisie, they never die. They just dine away.

And as they dine (attempt to dine, rather), they beguile the time away telling and listening to inconsequential stories, much like Boccaccio's loquacious Decameronians waiting for the plague to

pass. They also have their dreams. And Bunuel has his. Somehow all these dreams become entangled into one gloriously-stranded web, a web the bourgeoisie can't escape and maybe—if their masochistic dreams of their own recurring destruction mean anything—don't really want to escape. Just as Bunuel, strategically located at the center of this web, could move in for the kill, but doesn't. Perhaps because watching the impotent struggles of his prey is, at this point in his life, infinitely more pleasurable than devouring it whole.

The characters in *The Discreet Charm* even manage to struggle and squirm graciously and decorously—they undeniably have that certain charm about them. Although there isn't a real performance in the whole film, the actors are delightful to look at as Bunuel puts them through their petit paces. Bunuel in fact doesn't seem to want his actors to act at all; like the bourgeoisie they embody, they don't ever do anything, they just are.

Fernando Rey as the Mirandan ambassador appears to have been used mainly as an evocative presence, to remind us of other Bunuel films (*Tristana*, for one) and one non-Bunuel film in particular—*The French Connection*, although this time he's smuggling cocaine by diplomatic pouch rather than heroin by Lincoln Continental. And then there's Delphine Seyrig, whom one cannot gaze upon without suppressing the yawn caused by remembering *Last Year at Marienbad*. And Michel Piccoli in a cameo, and Bulle Ogier, the working-class girl from *La Salamandre*, suddenly raised in station and somewhat worse for it as the dry martini lover. But the best presence of all is Stephane Audran, for once out from under the languid direction of Claude Chabrol and definitely the better for it, gliding from dinner to catastrophic dinner, that tentative, perfect-hostess smile never fading from her lips.

But it's inevitably the smile of the unseen host—Bunuel himself—that proves unforgettable. That wicked, mocking smile that could go either way, to Olympian laughter or nasty sneer. The odd and marvelous thing about *The Discreet Charm* is, however, its radiant playfulness concerning both its characters and its style. At a time when other old masters are parodying themselves for lack of anything better to do (cf. Fellini's *Roma* or Hitchcock's *Frenzy*), Bunuel manages the near impossible: he parodies his own films and gets still better rather than just repetitious and cute. And at the same time he can make it all seem so easy, so effortless. One thinks of Yeats' Law: We must labor to be beautiful. From Bunuel we get a beautifully comic film... and a cosmic giggle as he falls off a log.

Henry Miller ended his review of *L'Age d'Or* with these words: "They should take Luis Bunuel and crucify him... he deserves the greatest reward man can bestow upon man."

Happily, Bunuel would rather a master than a martyr be.

The Rowdyman

louis di bianco

We've probably all known a charming ne'er-do-well in our lives. I've known several. For all their amusing antics, they became boring after a short period of time. So does the perennial child portrayed by Gordon Pinsent in *The Rowdyman*.

This Canadian film, which opens tonight at the Snowdon, suffers from both infantile conception and direction. The plot gets bogged down in clichés almost immediately. We meet Bill (Pinsent), the playful rebel who seems destined to forever sow his wild oats. He's determined not to succumb to the mediocrity that surrounds him. Why settle down and become a domestic drudge like most of his co-workers? The people he knows are dull, but the problem is that our "loveable" rowdyman lacks the intensity to rise above dullness himself. His rebelliousness never helps us understand the society against which he is rebelling.

The plot thickens as Ruth (Linda Goranson) is introduced. Ruth is that attractive, ever-so-nice girl who lives down the street. If only Mr. Rowdyman would get hip to her virtues and allow her to be his salvation. But no, no—this sweet young thing can't seem to open laughing boy's eyes. He doesn't want to marry; he just wants to ball. Dear Ruth, however, is not that kind of girl.

This banal situation is made more ridiculous by the director's (Peter Carter) not so subtle attempts at developing character contrasts. For example, shots of Ruth discussing Bill with his best friend Andrew (Frank Converse) are juxtaposed against shots of Bill romping with three not-so-nice girls.

The plot continues to thicken as we and

a childish soundtrack follow Bill on a weekend excursion to St. John's Island. More lack of subtlety as we meet old Stan, a dying man who regrets not having married and settled down. Watch out rowdyman, time will play the same dirty trick on you.

Stan dies, and Bill rides the train home, carrying some love letters that the old man had cherished throughout his life. We are bludgeoned with the parallel between the two men as we hear Stan's voice lamenting bachelorhood and see quick flashes of wholesome Ruth.

The remaining events, definitely not worth mentioning, unfold predictably, with suggestions of character conflicts that never quite touch us.

I would like to see Gordon Pinsent in a film with more substance. (Unfortunately he is responsible for this screenplay). With the right material and effective directing, he can probably deliver a memorable performance.

Oh yes, Newfoundland, where the film was made, is quite scenic.

A.S.U.S. FILMS

This term ASUS is sponsoring a Québécois film program. Ten films covering a range of cultural and political topics will be shown on Tuesday evenings. Next Tuesday's film *Québec: Duplessis et Après* will be shown at 8:00 in the Arts Building; room W120. Admission is free. *Duplessis et Après* is a documentary of political developments in Québec since Duplessis. *L'Acadie*, *L'Acadie* will be presented on the following Tuesday.

CONTEST

Alexander Pope warns us, "As things seem large which we thro' mists descry, Dulness is ever apt to magnify." You, the readers of the second largest English language daily morning newspaper in Montreal are invited to exercise your great wit and general cleverness in clearing up a problem that has halted scholarship for over 100 years. Tell us, in as few words

as possible, "Ou sont les neiges d'antan?" All responses will be judged on the basis of transcendence, clarity, and brevity. Winners will receive some magnificent tho' tiny reward.

Put your entry in an envelope clearly marked "Contest, Review Editor," and bring it to the Daily office. All entries must be in before Tuesday at 5:00.

Photo credits, page 6, Nina Raginsky from *Image 3*; page 3, *Private Eye*.

The Review

The Review is the weekly political and cultural supplement of the *McGill Daily*. Submissions of graphics, poetry and prose are welcome. Editorial office Union B42. Tel. 392-8955.

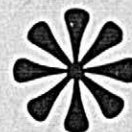
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Students' Society elections

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1973

NOMINATIONS ARE HEREBY CALLED FOR THE FOLLOWING POSITIONS

STUDENTS' SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

*PRESIDENT

*VICE-PRESIDENT, Internal Affairs

*VICE-PRESIDENT, External Affairs

BOARD OF GOVERNORS

*ONE UNDERGRADUATE REPRESENTATIVE

*ONE GRADUATE REPRESENTATIVE

SENATE

ARTS

1 REPRESENTATIVE

SCIENCE

1 REPRESENTATIVE

EDUCATION

1 REPRESENTATIVE

ENGINEERING

1 REPRESENTATIVE

LAW

1 REPRESENTATIVE

MANAGEMENT

1 REPRESENTATIVE

MEDICINE

1 REPRESENTATIVE

GRADUATE STUDIES (Professional)

1 REPRESENTATIVE

GRADUATE STUDIES (Academic)

1 REPRESENTATIVE

DENTISTRY

1 REPRESENTATIVE

MUSIC

1 REPRESENTATIVE

RELIGIOUS STUDIES

1 REPRESENTATIVE

STUDENTS' COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVES

GRADUATE STUDIES

2 REPRESENTATIVES

MUSIC

1 REPRESENTATIVE

CANDIDATE'S QUALIFICATIONS AND NOMINATING PROCEDURES

EXECUTIVE

President—may be any member of the McGill Students' Society in good standing with the University, except:

i) partial students taking less than three courses

ii) students registered in the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research who are non-resident students or full members of the teaching staff.

Nominations must be signed by at least 100 members of the McGill Students' Society together with their year and faculty.

Vice-Presidents, Int. & Ext.—same qualifications as for President.

Nominations must be signed by at least 50 members of the McGill Students' Society together with their year and faculty.

BOARD OF GOVERNORS

Candidates must be members of the McGill Students' Society and must be registered at McGill University as full time students in good standing following the normal load of courses per year. Nominations must be signed by at least 50 members of the McGill Students' Society together with their year and faculty.

SENATE

Candidates must be members of the McGill Students' Society and 1. be students in good standing, who are registered full-time for a degree or diploma and have satisfied conditions for promotion in their previous year of studies

OR

2. be students in good standing, who have satisfied conditions for promotion in the previous year of studies and who are registered in a degree or diploma program, but who are permitted by Faculty to undertake a limited program,

OR

3. be students in good standing, who are registered full-time or in a limited program for a degree or diploma, and who are repeating a year for reasons other than academic failure.

Nominations must be signed by at least 50 members of the McGill Students' Society who are in the same Faculty as the prospective candidate together with their year and faculty, or by 25% of the student enrolment in the faculty together with their year and faculty, whichever is the lesser of the two.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Music Rep.—must be a student in his/her penultimate year and in good standing with the University. Nominations must be signed by at least 25 student members of the Faculty.

Grad. Rep.—may be any graduate student in good standing with the University.

Nominations must be signed by at least 25 student members of the Faculty.

ALL NOMINATION PAPERS MUST CONTAIN THE FOLLOWING WORDS

"We, the undersigned students, nominate

for the position of"

ALL NOMINATION PAPERS MUST HAVE THE CANDIDATE'S SIGNATURE TOGETHER WITH HIS YEAR AND FACULTY, ADDRESS AND TELEPHONE NUMBER.

CANDIDATES MAY RUN FOR MORE THAN ONE POSITION (e.g. EXECUTIVE AND SENATE) PROVIDED SEPARATE NOMINATION PAPERS ARE HANDED IN FOR EACH POSITION. BUT CANDIDATES MAY NOT RUN CONCURRENTLY FOR THE EXECUTIVE AND FOR FACULTY REP. ON STUDENTS' COUNCIL.

ALL NOMINATIONS MUST BE SUBMITTED TO MRS. HEMPEY AT THE STUDENTS' SOCIETY OFFICE IN THE STUDENTS' UNION BY NO LATER THAN

4:30 P.M., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1973

ED MILEWSKI

CHIEF RETURNING OFFICER

by arnold bennett

The gospel according to Monet

Jacques Monet, a Quebec Jesuit and historian, is not particularly interested in the social, economic or class analysis of history. This fact was made clear yesterday when he spoke on French-Canadian nationalism in the 1840's at a meeting of the McGill Historical Society.

Monet presented a lot of interesting information about what happened in Quebec political, clerical and journalistic circles in the 1840's. But except when he talked about the church, whose motives he dealt with quite satisfactorily, he said very little about why the political alignments of the 1840's in Quebec formed the way they did.

Monet divided his politicians into two groups — the "idealists" who were against the Act of Union, for annexation to the United States and against responsible government (because supporting it meant making a commitment to the British system); and the "pragmatists" who supported the Act of Union, worked for responsible government and opposed annexationism.

The pragmatists, who included Louis-Hippolyte Lafontaine, A-N Morin and Etienne Parent,

believed in a British rather than an American form of constitution and cooperated with the Upper Canadian Reformers in order to create a "united national party". Lafontaine held his followers together throughout the 1840's by waging a struggle for the restoration of French as an official language, a struggle in which he was successful in 1848 and for which he has been virtually canonized in French-language textbooks in Quebec.

But Lafontaine and those who thought like him, as Monet pointed out, also believed that the survival of the French-Canadian nation and the survival of British institutions in North America were mutually interdependent. Monet calls this the "last cannon shot theme", referring to declarations by various Lafontaine-style politicians that the last cannon shot in defence of British interests in North America would be fired by a French Canadian.

The other group of politicians was a mixed bag of nationalists, traditionalists, anti-clericals and republicans, whose only common ground was their stand on the Union and on responsible government and their futile attempt to

overcome the defeat of the 1837 Rebellion. This group consisted of such old nationalists as D-B Viger, John Neilson and D-B Papineau and of the young intellectuals who made up the Parti Rouge. They all supported what their opponent A-N Morin and Monet termed the "O'Connell Tail System", the formation of a particularist national bloc which would make temporary political alliances with one of the dominant parties in order to win concessions for "the nation".

According to Monet the young Rouges left behind them a "radical, nationalist, separatist tradition" while elements like Viger and Papineau left "a belief in particularist, national-based parties and in ancien-régime type, strong government paternalism."

The old nationalists had achieved many of their earlier aims, such as the return of the Rebellion exiles, and the re-establishment of French-Canadian national institutions like the school system and the judicial system, by the early 1840's, despite the Durham Report. They had gained all of these measures "due to the action of enlightened governors, not to action by parties, and therefore they saw no

need for responsible government," Monet said.

But there were glaring contradictions within Monet's "idealist" group, particularly on economic issues like the seigneurial system, which the old nationalists wanted to maintain, while the radical Rouges opposed it. As for annexationism and republicanism, "a man like Neilson would have been horrified to think that the men who were following him would become republicans three years later."

Monet nevertheless considers the common stand of the two "idealist" factions on the three political issues of the decade to be more important than their differences on class and economic issues which really affected everyone.

The most cogently reasoned part of Monet's speech was his analysis of the shift in clerical attitudes in the course of the decade. In 1840 the church hierarchy did not concern itself with practical politics, "neither were they particularly nationalist". Church political intervention took place behind the scenes, as in 1838 when an unpublished petition against the Act of Union, signed only by the clergy, was

sent to England to be presented to the House of Lords.

But by 1848 the church was openly supporting Lafontaine and declaring that not only the French language, but also the Catholic Church, were dependent on the survival of British institutions.

This shift to Lafontaine was all the more drastic since the Church only a few years before had opposed the Union and responsible government, while supporting paternalistic, "generous" governors.

The turning point was the crisis over the education bill in 1846, when Lafontaine's party supported denominational schools and forced many amendments to the government legislation, in effect totally changing its implications. Lafontaine's amendments made parish priests "visitors" in the schools with the effective power to hire and fire teachers. Lafontaine also successfully opposed any bill detrimental to church property.

The Church realized that its vested interests lay in working to "get friendly politicians elected" and, taking its cue from Europe, where a similar trend was coming in, it changed its tactics.



by sheldon goldfarb

Whatever else one may think about the people who select the programs for the Montreal Symphony Orchestra, one has to admire their consistency. All season long, the orchestra has been playing inward-looking, asocial, unrounded music by Romantic and post-Romantic composers like Mahler, Franck, Berlioz, Hindemith, Wagner, and Mainardi.

On the other hand, works by composers writing in folk and popular idioms, using classical forms of contrast and opposition to represent outer-world struggles, have been sadly neglected. Not one piece by Dvorak, Smetana, Haydn, Schubert, or Shostakovich has been heard in the *Grands Concerts* series. Only one obscure (and unrepresentative) piece by Tchaikovsky has been played. There has also been only one work by Beethoven so far, and the performance of it was a very poor interpretation.

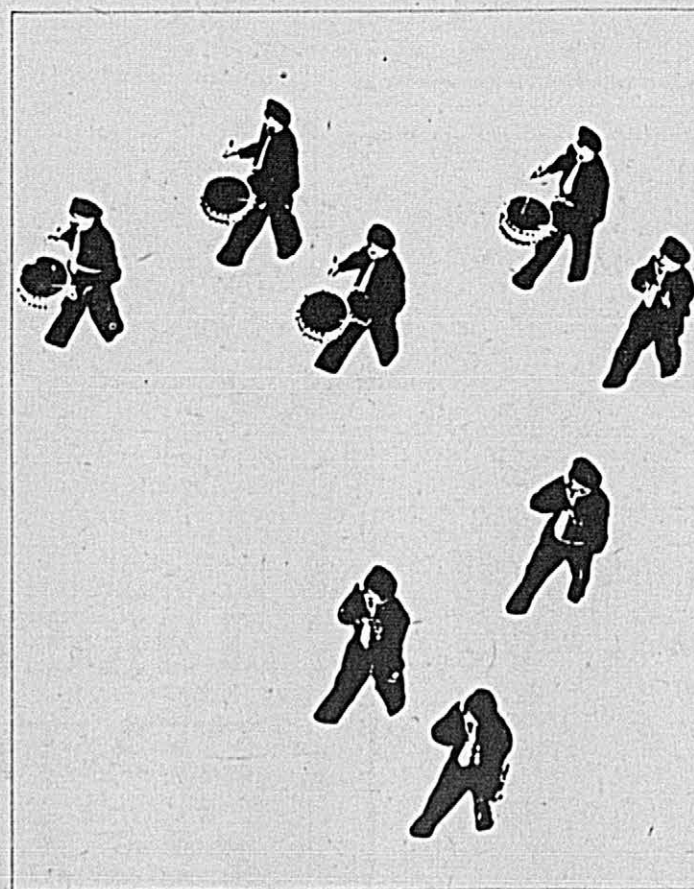
And so Wednesday night, the MSA program included works by

Berlioz, Richard Strauss, and Samuel Barber.

Strauss's works generally display excellent craftsmanship, but they lack warmth and firm structure; they are shallow and withdrawn from real life. His Duet-Concertino for Clarinet and Bassoon, in which Larry Combs and David Carroll were the soloists Wednesday, is a very late work (1948), exhibiting all his defects and even coming off poorly in craftsmanship. It is really not much more than musical fragments and scales strung together, without even the melodic inventiveness of Strauss's early tone poems. The orchestra gave a precise rendering of the concertino, but this only seemed to emphasize its cerebral nature and lack of substance.

Barber's piano concerto, composed in 1962, was also given a satisfactory reading, with John Browning as soloist turning in a very self-assured performance. But here too, the work itself is weak. It lacks pattern and structure, despite its superficial conformance to the three-movement concerto form. There are no developed themes in it and thus no structured opposition of themes. The first movement especially is disjointed; the third movement begins with a mindless Stravinsky-type pounding rhythm and ends with a loud dissonant climax. The middle movement is more lyrical, but in a very intros-

MSO strikes (out) again



pective way.

Berlioz's Harold in Italy, a symphony with viola obbligato, closed the concert, with Leslie Malowany as the violist. This work, at least, contains some real themes; and the third movement possesses something of a folk quality. But the overall effect, as in all Berlioz's works, is not one of humanism or dramatic conflict, but of inward brooding and shallow showmanship. The sombre opening of the first movement especially exhibits the former; the frenetic finale, the latter. Even the third movement has a sameness and an unrounded quality to it, preventing it from really reflecting the social world in its contrasts and continual change.

The inwardness of the works on this program (and all during this season) is merely a reflection of their composers' lack of contact with the social world. These composers are withdrawn from real battles, seeing their music as the place to fight for "freedom" and to make "revolutions"; in fact, this musical "freedom" and "revolution-making" (which really amount to formal innovations without social content and to a discarding of the musical heritage) go hand in hand with social conservatism, as in Strauss's acceptance of Nazi rule or in Berlioz's support for the Louis Philippe monarchy and the Louis-Napoleon empire against republicanism.

GUNTHER KARKLITT

Reminder!

For an evening of exquisite Chinese cuisine, don't forget to go to the Malaysian-Singapore Chinese New Year Dinner.

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Time: 7:00 pm

Date: Saturday, February 3

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REDMEN FOOTBALL

OFF-SEASON IMPROVEMENT

All students interested in turning out for the 1973 Redmen football team are invited to participate in an organized weight training program. A personalized program will be developed to suit the needs of each student.

PLACE: Turner Bone Room, Currie Gym

DAYS: Monday, Wednesday, and Friday

TIME: 4:30 to 6:00 p.m.

CONTACTS: Tom Masco—681-8305

Coach Ray Baillie—739-8534

Our objective is to provide opportunities for returning Redmen players to realize their full potential, and to encourage all interested students to join our football program.

Head Coach, Charlie Baillie



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Sports

Further floor hockey follies

by eliott pap

Halt the bombing! Stop the fighting! Cease the slaughtering! Oh no, is this another Daily article about that what-ever-you-wanna-call-it in Viet-

nam? It most certainly is not. This is an article about what happened in the gym last Wednesday night as once again it was time for another round of floor hockey

madness!

What was the bombing then? Well how about scores of 19-3, 11-3, 9-3, and 8-1. The fighting? How about five players ejected for fighting? The slaughtering? Please refer to above explanation of bombing. As one can surmise, floor hockey definitely brings out the beast in some people.

The unusually large (that's an understatement!) scores can be attributed to the fact that all four winners are undefeated first place teams. In game one, the pride and joy of Management, the Swine (love that name), rolled over the Crotch Checkers 9-3. Once again, the Swine were led by their vaunted Spaghetti Power as the Italian contingent accounted for two-thirds of the Swine's nine. Top Spaghetti man on this occasion was Ivan Bonato with four. His best buddy Gabriel Stivaletti only scored once but Gabe scored four last time so now they're even.

Game two featured those fistic confrontations and subsequent ejections as the Alesmen went to battle with the 50's. The Alesmen won rather easily by an 11-3 count. Danny Mardinger and Harry Zarrins each managed Alesmen hat-tricks in between the brawling.

One of these brawls is amusing to focus on. The aggressor, who shall remain anonymous so his friends won't laugh him out of school, picked on a fellow named Bruce Riddell. Bruce happens to play Redmen football in the floor hockey off-season and he is a rather tough cookie. He decked his assailant with three nicely placed right crosses to the head. The loser was to mention later, as he tenderly felt his sore jaw, that it was a silly thing for him to do. This reporter would be inclined to agree.

Game three saw the Greater Omentums down the Zits 8-1. The Omentums, in case anyone forgot, have all those rough and tumble ex-Redmen so naturally the score is not surprising. The whole cast was there too — Fleischer, McKenna, Aiken, Rumble and Bell. So guess which of these led the team in scoring in their game? If you guessed any of the five, you're wrong. If you said Sy Blum you're right and you win a free drink of water. What's intriguing about this Sy Blum character is that he was late and didn't arrive on the scene until midway through the second period. Physically, he isn't what one would call overpowering either. Conclusion: he must be the Omentums' secret weapon!

The fourth game was the biggest slaughter in recent floor hockey memory as the Flying Dickies from Engineering demolished, dismantled and discombobulated the Schleppers 19-3. It seems ludicrous to list the goal scorers because it will make this article look like a copy of the Engineering student directory. However, one player, Menni, deserves mention as he put the puck in the net five times.

Women's athletics

by nancy logodich

Swimming

Maureen Wood and Judy Jones, the two soloists on McGill's Synchronized Swimming Team, placed fourth and fifth in the David Cup Competition on Jan. 19. The three duets and the team routine were a preview of what will be seen at this year's Water Show, presented the second weekend in March.

Curling

McGill emerged first in the Eastern Division Curling Championships with an overall total of 34 points. Trent and U of Toronto placed second and third. McGill now proceeds to University of Guelph to compete in the OWIAA Championships on Feb. 9 and 10.

Hockey

The McGill Supersquaws were on the road again, this time travelling to Queen's. From a 1-0 lead in the second period, McGill slipped behind 2-1. Despite another McGill goal, Queen's forged ahead in the third and won the match 4-2. Pat Johansson swept in both goals on two spectacular breakaways.

McGill held the upper hand on Toronto throughout the game, entering the third period with a 2-0 lead. Maryse Godbout and Sue Pacquette, assisted by Faye McKell and Dawn Johansson, scored the two goals for the Supersquaws. It was a sure victory for McGill, but in the last three minutes of the game U of T rallied back with two quick goals. The disappointment was bitter. Nonetheless it was the best hockey played all season.

The Supersquaws have been invited to the second International Women's Hockey Tournament hosted by Cornell University. To raise money for the trip, the girls will be selling lunches at the Currie Gym Lunchroom from 11 am to 2 pm.

Meanwhile last Friday afternoon McGill skated to a 3-0 victory

against McMaster. The infamous Pat Johansson scored all three goals with Maryse Godbout assisting. Special tribute goes to the goalie, Rosemarie Warren, who awed the crowd with her spectacular saves.

Saturday afternoon the girls were shearing York's ice, dominating the play, yet only one goal managed to slip into York's net. There was no reason for the 4-1 defeat — and, well, there's always next time.

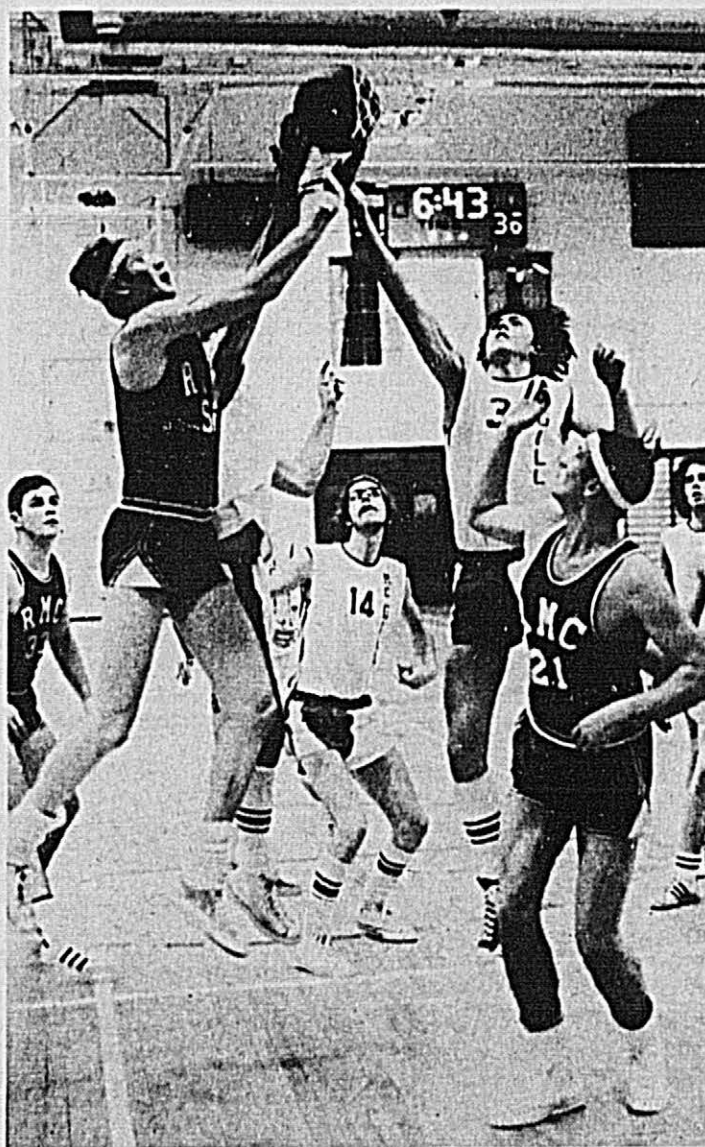
Home game at the Winter Stadium, 1:00 pm this Saturday.

Basketball

The McGill Women's Basketball team travelled to Hamilton and Toronto 1st weekend to oppose McMaster and York in exhibition play.

Hamilton's McMaster squad impressed McGill with its show of ball control. Both teams squirmed as the last seconds of the fourth period slipped by, McGill holding a one point lead. Center Janet Evans led the Supersquaws through their best performance of the season with her aggressive play under the boards while Yolande Deschamps was top scorer with her pile of 15 points.

The York team proved to be no threat as McGill smeared them 42-24. Janet Evans accumulated 17 points to be highest scorer in this match.



daily photo by harold rosenberg

REDMAN JEFF SAHIMERDAN grapples for a rebound in recent action against RMC. Jim Logan (14) looks on. McGill has not had much luck of late, dropping two encounters in the past week to round off a 5-7 record. But tomorrow is another day, with the Redmen hosting Sherbrooke in an 8 pm tilt at the Currie gym.

Powder on a hard-packed base

by roget

Last weekend the McGill Ski Team was all over Quebec. Our two best women skiers, Debbie Davis and Alice Jefferies, were at St. Constant for a Quebec Cup Race, as the sole women representatives from the University circuit. Alice came in with excellent results; tenth in giant slalom and seventh in slalom. Unfortunately Debbie had a little trouble — those gates kept getting in her way! Deb will be out to make it up, though, for she has been invited to represent the whole circuit at Mr. Ste. Anne next weekend. She'll be racing in a NATIONAL CUP downhill! We're going to have to buy that girl a new helmet; pretty soon her old one won't fit.

While those two were off at the "big kid" races the rest of us went

to Mt. Ste. Anne for a University race. We were a team of ten men and only three women, one being a raw recruit. The weekend was great!

The skiing was done mostly on a fast, icy giant slalom course. When the cloud of ice had settled behind the women, we found Marie Beland in second place. She said that she couldn't do giant slalom. HA! The other girls had a little trouble on the icy course. Verronique Jotterand, however, did come in eleventh.

The men's team was really ready for this race; in fact, many of them suffered from over-psych (as four of the ten will confirm). The remaining six put in McGill's best showing of the year. We pushed to within eight points of U of M (THE team to beat with

their 40 odd competitors). The men managed to get 370 out of a maximum 390 points.

Individually the men did pretty well too. Brian Ward, who also said that giant slalom wasn't his race, came in second. Not bad for a guy who can't ski GS! Other McGill skiers in the top ten were Findley Sams in sixth and Bruce "Eggon" Zimmerman in ninth. A fine showing but both of them should be fighting it out for first. Notables but "not quites" go to Sandy Shandro (13th) and Ulrich Gautier (19th).

That ski team "potential" is just itching to explode in a devastating show of energy. If we can only hold back that energy Friday night and Saturday night so that we have a little left over for the race this Sunday!

The sports rip-off: book review

by Gordon Patterson

"The character and scale of sports today is the child of monopoly capitalism"

Rip Off the Big Game by Paul Hoch, Doubleday and Co., 222 pgs., \$2.15. Paul Hoch's *Rip Off the Big Game* is somewhat unique in the realm of sports books. In a field full of inane narratives by sports superstars (or rather their ghostwriters), journalists capitalizing on the present sports mania, and the occasional "exposé", Hoch's new book is the first to attempt an analysis of the role of sports in society from a radical standpoint.

As Hoch points out, sportswriters have consistently ignored the exploitive aspects of sport. Many sportswriters are in the pay of the owners and the sports page is often little more than public relations work. Those who ignore this trend and write seriously are ostracized by the sports world. A local example is Red Fisher, sports editor of the *Star*, certainly no radical, who wrote a story critical of the NHL owners and was banned from his job as analyst for *Hockey Night in Canada*.

The sports establishment is an integral part of monopolistic, bourgeoisie society. General Motors has nothing on James Norris who at one time owned the Detroit Red

Wings, New York Rangers, and Chicago Black Hawks in the old six team NHL. Hoch presents a picture of the conglomeration of interests in the sports world and, surprisingly for an American, includes analyses of Canadian sports owners. The cost of an athletic franchise has reached such a point that only corporations can afford to buy one. Through both ownership and directorships these corporations are intimately linked with mainstream economic interests. And, like other corporations, the motivating force is greed, not interest in the spectator or player.

Sports owners have been almost as free of anti-trust action as the reserve clause. Both are used to keep professional athletes in a state approximating slavery. Those who object are liable to be blackballed from the league, with little recourse from the courts. Much is made of the athletes who make very high salaries but the career of the average athlete is short and little is said of those playing in the minor leagues for low wages or the injuries and loss of freedom incurred by athletes.

The socializing aspects of sports in a militaristic society is also documented in the book. It has been, and is still being used to instill a blindly patriotic and

bloodthirsty attitude in Americans during the era of the cold war and Vietnam. Sport is the new opiate of the people.

Being a pioneering work in its field the book is a compendium of various ills, though without in-depth analysis. But Hoch does provide some interesting historical insights. The Baron de Coubertin who founded the modern Olympic movement was principally interested in strengthening French youth for another war with Germany, following France's loss in the Franco-Prussian war. Avery Brundage, the recently retired head of the Olympic committee, was at one time an admirer of the Nazis and head of a Nazi inspired group that opposed the US' entry into World War II.

Early in the life of most of the major leagues the teams were owned and run by the players; in basketball this state lasted until after WWII. These cooperative organizations could not last as they were forced out of business by owners of arenas and stadiums, and other businessmen mainly interested in profit. The disappearance of the old teams paralleled the growth of monopolies in America.

Though the virtue of Hoch's book lies in its new approach, he does succumb to some exaggeration. He observes with wide-

wondered wonder the use of sports to perpetuate a hard-drinking, he-man culture to sell beer and cars. Still, sports are only one element in the creation of a socialized mentality. The jock culture is more the reflection of an oppressive society than the creator. The answer is the overthrow of the ruling capitalist class rather than the reform of sport. He perpetuates the myth that the he-man culture of the working class is a result of sexual repression

(Freudian-Marxism). The relations of a society reflect the conditions of production, both sexual repression and he-man culture are symptoms of the same disease.

Though Hoch claims to be a socialist he hedges on the question of the primary role played by the working class in revolutionizing rather than just reforming society and sports. However, the book is worth reading for its novel approach and for its outline of monopoly sport.

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Graduating students interested in such a career please call as soon as possible Mrs. Ellen Samlal, 382-5028, at the School of Nursing, McGill University.

Indian Students' Association

invites all students
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